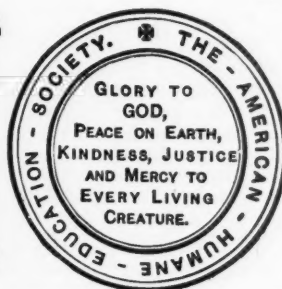


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,"

"The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, November, 1895.

No. 6.



ALL HAPPY.

The Blanchard & Watts Engraving Co., 36 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Will some one kindly tell us *just exactly and precisely* what the Monroe Doctrine is which we read about so much in the papers?

As we understand it Great Britain owns about half of North America, and *Mexico has another immense slice.*

The smaller nations south of Mexico own more or less.

Then comes South America owned by various nations of greater or less importance. Under these circumstances we would like to know *exactly and precisely* what claim we have to control the Isthmus of Panama more than other nations.

We can readily understand that with two *enormous sea coasts*, separated by a continent, and requiring for protection in case of war *two enormous navies*, or *vast expense in fortifications*—[and in case of trouble with Great Britain a *third coast* on the great lakes and St. Lawrence river]—we can readily understand, under these circumstances, how unfortunate would be our position in a war with most European nations, and how very pleasant it would be if we could hold against the civilized world the control of the Isthmus of Panama; and also have, *as we have urged in this paper at various times*, ship canals connecting the navigable waters of New York with the Mississippi and connecting the Gulf of Mexico across Florida with the St. Johns river.

But in view of the two very important questions, 1st, *Whether we have any more right to hold the exclusive control of the Isthmus of Panama than other nations*, and 2nd, *Whether we have the power to do it*, would it not be much better in the interest of "Peace on Earth" to have the isthmus or the canal across it declared by international treaties, *as were Nantucket and Provincetown during our war of 1812 with Great Britain* [and as we recommended in these columns last year that the Sandwich Islands should be declared]—*neutral territory, open on equal terms both in peace and war to the vessels of all nations?*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIGHTING THE ROTHSCHILDS.

It has been said that no Continental European nation can go to war without first consulting the Rothschilds.

We have been at war with some of the younger American Rothschilds of Boston and vicinity in regard to cruelty connected with the game of polo.

The case was to have been tried in the court at Salem, Sept. 17th, but to accommodate the defendant—*Robert G. Shaw, Jr.*—was postponed to Oct. 1st, when it occupied the whole day before *Judge Safford*, and was again postponed to Oct. 12th, when the final arguments were made, and after an able appeal by our counsel, *John B. Moran, Esq.*, of Boston, the defendant was fined \$30, from which decision he appealed, and the case

of course now goes up before a higher court for a jury trial.

A life member of our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* says to us: "I don't think you will gain anything by meddling with these very rich young men. They have so much money that they can buy up everybody."

Another says: "I see in the report of the Shaw case in my evening paper that a very full report is given of what *Shaw's lawyer* said, but not a word of what your counsel or the Judge said."

Another friend says: "You will never get any money out of these rich men."

We answer that we never expect to get money from people who cause their horses to be mutilated for life—unless they experience a change of heart—which is possible—for as the poet says:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

In the case in question there was a direct conflict of evidence.

Our agents swore that the young man complained of struck one pony eight blows on the head with his polo mallet, and brought in another pony bleeding from the nose, and with eleven bleeding spots, six on one side and five on the other.

Our agents are very carefully selected men [one of them is a selectman of his town and one of its most respected citizens] and we have in them the utmost confidence.

It is said that *George Washington* never told a lie, and from what we know of our agents we have no reason to suppose that they ever did—much less that they would go into a court of justice and deliberately swear to one.

In regard to the men who swore against them we will only say [in this instance] as an old Dutchman out West did when consulted by letter from an Eastern merchant as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors—that it was his rule "when he knew nodings good of a man, to say nodings at all."

We had some difficulty in finding a prominent lawyer willing, for a moderate fee, to undertake the case against these men, who, as we have had occasion to find out, have influence at the State House—and with the press—which [as we all know] so controls public opinion that while one half the American people believe their President to be a great statesman and honest man, the other half are equally certain that he is either a knave or a fool—simply because they are in the habit of believing everything to be true which they read in their respective newspapers.

But why have we not attacked these polo men before?

Answer. We have been attacking them for years through our own paper and the public press.

We have for several years been trying to get a law which would stop their causing their horses to be mutilated for life.

Every winter, in spite of the opposition of these rich men, it has passed our House of Representatives, and once came within two votes of passing the Senate.

We have published photographs of some of them and their mutilated horses and sent them all over the State, and offered a prize of \$250 for evidence to convict any one of them of this mutilation.

But why have we not prosecuted them before?

Answer. With adequate financial power we should not hesitate a moment to prosecute the richest men of the State, but at present we are compelled to consider the expense of employing lawyers, veterinary surgeons, and extra officers to fight organizations which can easily pool ten thousand dollars, employ the ablest counsel in the State and to a considerable extent control [as we have said] legislation and public opinion.

In our war against the sale of poisonous and dangerously adulterated articles many years ago, we discovered the power in this country of great combinations of capital.

This one case resulting in a fine of \$30 has cost us for lawyer, veterinary surgeon, stenographer, witnesses, extra services, postponements of trial, &c., &c., several times \$30, and as the case is now carried up to a higher court for a jury trial there will probably be another large bill.

The clubs can spend thousands of dollars without feeling it, while every hundred these trials cost us takes just so much from our limited ability to do other important work. And the question how far we shall be able to prosecute rich criminals in the future must depend upon how much aid those who sympathize with dumb animals are willing to give us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THAT POLO GAME.

As no statement of what our counsel said appears in the very influential paper referred to in the previous article, and which is read by many of our friends, we publish briefly the same:

"Counsel John B. Moran for the government summed up the evidence. He said that counsel on the other side had found it necessary to put in matter which was not in the case. The case was to be tried upon the evidence and law. The court room was the place where the court forgets everything except the evidence in the case before it.

In a court of justice there is no rich and no poor. It is the only place on the earth that counsel knew where all met on an absolute level.

The game of polo was not attacked; it could be played properly, and it could be played improperly.

When the game was played in Persia the horses had tails and the ladies played, as we read in history, but he would like to see the lady or the new woman even—who would dare to play the game as played by Mr. Shaw.

The charge is that defendant did cruelly beat a horse.

Mr. Burrill, the complainant, is an honorable man, who represents a society that has some of the best citizens among its members. They all agree in their testimony, and they either saw what they testify to or are perjurers. They say that they heard the blows 250 feet away.

What is the defence? Shaw and Fay both say no noise was made. If they tell the truth, Burrill, Clark, Lawrence and Kelly did not hear the blows, and must have committed perjury. They say the horse was a bolter, and even if this was true it did not justify any man, even the owner, in clubbing the animal. As between these four men and Shaw which will you believe?

Defendants always deny their guilt and try to explain. They have every motive to try and cover it up. If these four men did not know what they saw they acted like fools when they went to the man and charged him with a crime they did not see him commit.

As to the second charge, they try to excuse this evident over-driving by saying that it is necessary in their game.

The spur used was a sharp one. They do not produce it.

Neither do they produce the bit used or the mallet used, but they do produce a different spur, bit and mallet. The horse went at his utmost speed, and was yanked and twisted.

What judgment would your honor render when a horse comes into a stable puffing, blowing, with bloodshot eyes, drooping head and trembling limbs?"

THE FIRST IN THE WORLD.

In our issue of last February we referred to the establishment of *Our Dumb Animals* in 1868 [of the first number of which we printed 200,000 copies] as being the first paper of its kind in the world, and then specified thirty other advance movements for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, each of which was the first of its kind in the world, and all being the work of our *American Humane Education Society* and *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

To these we have now the pleasure of adding what we believe to be the first prosecution in the world of a Polo player for cruelty in that game.

We do not hesitate to say that there ought to be a hundred, if not a thousand, such prosecutions, and will be [if necessary] when we get sufficient financial power to fight these rich men as they ought to be fought, through the press, before the Legislature and in the Courts.

BAD POLO LANGUAGE.

We are sorry but not surprised to learn from the testimony of our agents and others that among these polo players are some who use in the game what is considered in good society to be very bad language.

If, as in Persia, they would leave the tails on their horses and have ladies join in the game, perhaps the language used would be better.

DISSECTIONS AND VIVISECTIONS AT THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

[The following appeared in *The Boston Evening Record* of Oct. 17.]

Editor of *Boston Evening Record*.

One of a class of some forty young ladies in the Physiological Division of the Biological Department of the Institute of Technology called upon me last evening with the following statement:

Yesterday, Oct. 15th, a live cat was placed on the table in the class room.

The Professor said that the cat had been etherized before it was brought in.

The subject of the lecture was on the coagulation of blood.

The Professor injected something into the carotid, then moans commenced from the cat. He directed one of the young ladies to put the cat on its head and pull back the tongue as otherwise, he said, the cat might die.

At two previous lessons the class had several rabbits. The rabbits were brought in bound to boards, each of them was cut open on the stomach side, and all of the young ladies were required to take parts of the tissue exposed and examine them through microscopes.

The rabbits were said to be etherized.

The first time we had three rabbits, and the second time only one.

The class could not understand why, if the rabbits were thoroughly etherized, they should be so tightly bound to the boards.

These experiments are the beginning of a course of lectures which are to extend through the entire winter and spring up to next June.

At yesterday's lecture several of the young ladies were compelled to leave the lecture room. One young lady went out three times to gather strength to go back again. Several of the young ladies went out and did not return.

Quite a number of the young ladies have complained at being obliged to witness and take part in these scenes, but have been told by the teacher that unless they complete the entire course as mapped out by the Institute they will forfeit their diplomas.

The rabbits operated upon were bound to the boards on their backs, their upper jaws were bound down by brass rings passing through their mouths, and their legs were drawn apart as far as possible and bound to the board by strong cords.

It seemed to the class that if the rabbits were alive when bound to the boards in this manner, the pain must have been very great; but if not alive, why were they bound so strongly? During the second lecture before the rabbit was brought in squeals were heard from the adjacent room.

The class referred to is a class in cookery.

If so many are and are to be dissected in one class, how many cats, rabbits, etc., are dissected in others?

It seems rather hard to compel a class of young ladies to witness and take part in these scenes all winter or forfeit their diplomas.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "*Band of Mercy*" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "*band*" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The Blanchard & West Engraving Co., 36 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

DISSECTIONS AND VIVISECTIONS AT THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

The following appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of October 21st:

NOTE FROM MR. ANGELL.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:

As to the dissections and vivisections at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will you kindly permit me to say in regard to an interview with President Walker, which appeared in your Saturday evening issue, that I think the president, if he will cause a careful examination to be made, will find that the young lady who called upon me has not retracted a single statement she made, and that the facts were not exaggerated. As to the statement that a number of years ago, when Professor William T. Sedgewick of the institute was testing the deadly illuminating gases, then on the market, for the Massachusetts State Board of Health, the same society strenuously objected to his trying the gases on animals, no one in our offices has any knowledge of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or any of its officers, having ever objected to the testing of illuminating gases as referred to.

I am glad to note in your article that President Walker objects to vivisection in the grammar and high schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Scientists say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. When two savages get together, how they must suffer. — *Boston Transcript*.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringing ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet.
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

London Amusing Journal.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, November, 1895.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month one hundred and seventy-nine new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty-three thousand and fifty-nine.

TRUE NOBILITY.

By PRINCIPAL TINGLEY, OF THE SAWYER GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER.

On Saturday morning, September 14th, I took the seven o'clock Gloucester car on the new electric line to Beverly. As the car passed through the streets of Essex, a cat, terribly scarred by some serious accident, hobbled directly before the electric car. The motor-man stopped the car, and with the help of the conductor, after considerable trouble, succeeded in getting the nearly helpless animal from beneath, when one carefully held it while the other got the car safely by.

A few miles farther along, when going through Hamilton, a half-grown chicken was threatened on the track. Tall weeds prevented easy escape on either side, and the car was slowed almost to a stop till the frightened chicken found an avenue out of the danger. Those of the passengers who observed these incidents felt an added pleasure in the early morning ride in being in such good company.

We wonder how many of these men who ride or drive mutilated horses would have been so kind and humane as the motor-man and conductor of this electric car.—EDITOR.

OCTOBER DIRECTORS' MEETING.

JOHN B. MORAN.

At the monthly meeting of Directors of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held October 16th, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Voted, that the thanks of the Directors be hereby given to John B. Moran, Esq., for the very able manner in which he managed and argued our case against Robert G. Shaw, Jr., for cruelty in the game of polo.

President Angell reported that the will of Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester, having been now fully sustained by the Supreme Judicial Court, the sum of twelve thousand dollars given by the deceased to aid in the erection of a building to be the permanent home of the Humane Societies, could be paid over by the trustees whenever the Societies would be able to add a sufficient sum to insure the erection of the building, and it was unanimously voted that the President be requested to take immediate measures to endeavor to obtain such additional subscriptions.

Boston agents had dealt with 267 complaints of cruelty during the month, taken 28 horses from work, and mercifully killed 97 horses and other animals.

Country agents during last quarter had dealt with 833 complaints, taken 157 horses from work, and mercifully killed 133 horses and other animals. 179 new Bands of Mercy had been formed during the month, making a total of 23,059.

[From Boston Dailies of October 3d.]

ABUSE OF HORSES AT FRIEND STREET, AND POISONING DOGS.

Complaint has been made at our offices of cruelty practised in the trial of horses in Friend street in this city.

We have consulted with the police authorities and taken measures to stop that cruelty if possible, but will you kindly permit me to ask your readers who may witness any such cruelty in passing through that street to promptly telephone Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Complaint is also made that several valuable dogs have recently been poisoned in Dorchester, and I am authorized to offer a reward of Fifty Dollars (\$50) for evidence which shall enable us to convict any man of violating the laws of Massachusetts by such poisoning in Dorchester.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOG FROM BALLOON.

One of the features advertised for to-morrow and Friday is a balloon ascension and a parachute drop by a man, a woman and a dog, the dog being fastened to a bar. Yesterday the stalwart form of Lemuel B. Burrill, special agent for Eastern Massachusetts of the S. P. C. T. A., loomed up at the grounds, and after he had talked with a member of the committee in charge of the balloon ascension the member told a reporter that the dog would get a holiday the rest of the week. The man and woman can risk their necks if they want to, but the nerves of the dog, and perhaps his neck, are going to be saved.—Brockton Enterprise.

NEED OF HUMANE EDUCATION IN NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

A most disgraceful performance marked the festivities of a picnic given by the New York Butcher's Light Guard last Thursday. It was worthy of the shambles, or, worse yet, a Spanish bull-fight, and that it could be permitted in a decent community, among intelligent humanity, bespeaks a melancholy condition of our boasted civilization. To "amuse" these picknickers a bullock was slaughtered by Albert Manheimer in 3 minutes and 21 seconds, and the frenzied crowd tumbled over one another to witness the bloody deed, and to shriek and cheer their delighted applause. The report of this slaughter is a lesson for the authorities to ponder. No prize fight could be as debasing in its effect on the public.—EN-TRE NOUS, in Boston Herald.

"Blessed are the merciful."

TEXAS VERSUS MASSACHUSETTS.

In our morning paper of October 3d we find that the legislature of Texas has just enacted a law making prize-fighting a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two years nor more than five.

The law passed the Senate by a vote of twenty-six against one, and the House of Representatives by a vote of one hundred and seven against five. How does this compare with Massachusetts?

The mutilation of horses for life is, as we understand, unknown in Texas. A man would be ashamed to be seen in Texas riding on or behind one of these mutilated and disfigured animals. Is Massachusetts going to be behind Texas?
GEO. T. ANGELL.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

We have this morning an earnest letter from Mrs. Lydia A. Irons wanting our humane publications to supply about seventeen hundred teachers in Washington.

We write her that we are selling them at less than the actual cost, but shall be glad to furnish so far as we can afford. That to every Band of Mercy formed we send without charge a copy of our paper for one year and a complete humane outfit of other publications. We have already expended many thousands of dollars in the formation of our over 23,000 Bands of Mercy.

CEYLON.

Just before going to press we receive a letter from Arthur De Silva of Colombo, Ceylon, calling for publications and aid to establish our work in the Island of Ceylon, and to assist him in its wide publication in that island.

HOWARD, SOUTH DAKOTA.

It gives us much pleasure to receive a letter from Mr. R. S. Person, Secretary of the Senate of South Dakota and proprietor of the Howard Press, containing a beautiful picture of his little daughter, ten years of age, and her pet kitten, and an interesting account of the work she has been doing through a wide distribution of our publications; also Mr. Person's assurance that an attempt will be made to enact a law in South Dakota similar to that enacted in Washington last winter, requiring humane education for the protection of animals to be given in all the public schools of that State.

VIRGINIA.

We are glad to know that the two Societies P. C. to Animals at Richmond and Norfolk, Virginia, of both of which we have the honor to be an honorary member, are doing excellent work in the prevention of cruelty.

GOOD FOR JUDGE ALMY.

We are glad to see that Judge Charles Almy of Cambridge fined a Harvard student for stealing a sign, and intimated that in the next case of the kind he should send the thief to "The House of Correction."

We know of no reason why a poor woman who steals a loaf of bread should be punished and a rich Harvard student let off.

Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, did not believe in one law for the rich and another for the poor.

TO WOMEN'S CLUBS.

A prominent Boston lady writes us that it is within the power of the "Women's Clubs" of Boston and elsewhere to do a great work for the protection of birds, by discouraging the wearing of their bodies and feathers.

Will all who read our paper endeavor to obtain from the various Women's Clubs action in this matter?

"It's a terrible thing to get married," said a mother to her daughter. "Yes," said the daughter, "but it's a terrible thing not to."

HUMORS OF THE PRESS.

Many years ago, when the two leading political papers of Boston were the *Post* and *Atlas*, almost every morning the *Post* had an editorial on the "*Lying Atlas*," and the *Atlas* on the "*Lying Post*."

It was said that the two editors were the best of friends and dined together every day.

Some years ago we found in a shire town in the State of Maine that the Democratic and Republican papers were both printed on the same press, and probably to a considerable extent edited by the same man. [The good people of the county paid their money and took their choice.]

We think it is *Mark Twain* who gives us a description of how he once ran on the strength of his good character for Governor of New York against Governor Hoffman.

He had carefully investigated the history of his ancestors for several generations, and finding nothing against anyone of them concluded that he might run for Governor of New York on the strength of his character.

But he had hardly started his campaign before he was charged by the opposition papers—first, with having set fire to a Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum—second, with having been lynched on in Colorado—and third, with having publicly stated that Governor Hoffman's father was hung—the result of which last accusation was that on the following night a mob of his fellow citizens came in his front door as he went out the back.

At the next public address he gave, several exceedingly dirty children came upon the platform where he was speaking and called him Pa—and he declined to stand any longer as a candidate.

We are happy to say that kind-hearted reporters are generally so fond of dogs, horses and other animals that [although they have frightened hundreds of thousands of good people almost to death with stories of hydrophobia which had no foundation] yet they have very likely made fifty mistakes in our favor for every one against us.

Only the other day we were surprised to learn that in the State of Massachusetts alone there were now about twenty three thousand Bands of Mercy, with a million or more members [what a millennium it would be for dumb animals in Massachusetts if this statement could be proved true], but we do remember a few cases in which statements against us have appeared about as wide from the mark—for instance, we remember being charged with riding across the beach from Lynn to Nahant in a barge containing fourteen persons drawn by one horse, the fact being that we had only been to Nahant once that year, and then went and returned by steamboat—and again with having been seen riding to a railroad depot in a herdic drawn by a lame horse, the fact being we had not, to the best of our recollection, been in a herdic for a year and never rode in a herdic in our life, to our knowledge, drawn by a lame horse.

As we have said before in these columns, almost everybody believes everything they read in the newspapers, and the preponderance of evidence is so greatly in our favor that we have the strongest reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving in this Thanksgiving month of November.

If the reporters do not always get rightly just what we tell them, they do very much as the old lady did who, having washed off all her husband's charges written in chalk on the back door, told him in response to his complaint that she would charge them all over again to enough better people.

Geo. T. Angell.

WHILE WE ARE ALIVE.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

We have this morning ordered a very large amount of literature sent to Olympia, Washington, for wide distribution in the schools, and this morning we were talking with a good friend, who suggested that another friend would probably give us in her will a very considerable amount for humane education.

We replied that we most earnestly wished that amount could be given us while we are alive and have the power to economically and judiciously distribute it. There never will come a time when humane education will be more needed in our country than it is now.

Geo. T. Angell.



OUR FAMILY.

A PLEASANT LETTER FROM PARIS, FRANCE.

PARIS, September 19, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"During your illness I was the first to watch the bulletins and never forgetful of you in my prayers."

"May I ask you the favor to accept the thousand francs I enclose. With the half of it please to drink good wine for the preservation of your health, and the rest take for the anti-vivisection crusade, in which I trust the dear Lord will bless you."

With warmest regards and sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. A. C.

Our good friend will, we know, pardon our adding to the above the following, which appeared in our last paper:

Physician—"You do not need medicine at all. Take plenty of exercise and a mild tonic—say a bottle of claret every day." *Patient* (in alarm), "Oh, no! I can't do that." "H'm. Temperance man?" "Oh, no! But the fact is I was in the wine business myself once and I know how it's made."

Philadelphia Call.

FROM A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

October 14, 1895.

Geo. T. Angell, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—I read with great pleasure *Our Dumb Animals*, and one important feature is that you sign your name to your articles. You are thus identified with them, and they possess additional life and character by the knowledge that you wrote them.

I heartily thank you for the good work you have accomplished, and specially for an article in your September number which shows true manliness and Christian character. I wish every pupil in our public schools could have your paper and if you can suggest anything feasible to that end will gladly aid you.

Very truly yours,

J. P. C. Winship.

MANY INVITATIONS.

Among the many invitations we have recently received to attend various conventions, is a very earnest one to attend the 221 annual convention of *The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, in Music Hall, Baltimore, and we are sorry to write that home duties make it impossible.

Our reply to all invitations now is that we have so much on our hands that we must hereafter talk only with our pen.

Geo. T. Angell.

A LAY OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

Ivan Petrokoffsky, of the Twenty-First Division Of the Army of the Danube is a private—nothing more;

And nobody expects of him to form a wise decision On the diplomatic reasons that have mobilized his corps.

He is rather dull and stupid, and not given much to reading,

And even when he has a thought his words are few and rude,

So when summoned to his sotnia, about that same proceeding

Rough Ivan's stray ideas were quite naturally crude. But he heard his colonel reading out the regimental order,

Which explains in glowing language why the Russians go to war;

And he holds some dim idea that he's on the Turkish border

"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky is a little tender-hearted—His feelings (for a private) are entirely out of place—

And when from wife and infant with slow, lingering steps he parted,

No heroic agitation was depicted on the face. It was well for foolish Ivan that his colonel had not found him,

When the marching order reached him at his home that bitter day,

When the younger Ivan's chubby little arms were folded round him,

And tearful Mistress Ivan gave her tongue unbounded sway.

There were murmurs of rebellion in that quiet Volga village

(So devoid of patriotic aspirations women are),

When Ivan and his comrades left for scenes of blood and pillage,

"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky of the Twenty-First Division Of the army of the Danube is not easy in his mind,

For within the deep recesses of the heart is a suspicion

He has said farewell forever to the loved ones left behind.

In cruel dreams he sees himself, a shapeless mass and gory,

By the rolling Danube lying, with his purple life-stream spent,

And he has not such a keen appreciation of the glory Of dying for his country to be happy or content.

He has seen his comrades falling round, all mangled, torn and bleeding,

And their cries were not of triumph, but of homes and kindred far,

While little reeked the vultures, on the gray-robed bodies feeding,

"Of the glory of the Empire or the honor of the Czar!"

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER, in *Boston Pilot*.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely : that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SAMPLE OF HUNDREDS OF LETTERS RECEIVED.

—, GEORGIA, Oct. 12, 1895.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Dear Sir:—I have recently had the pleasure of reading your publication, *Our Dumb Animals*. My heart responds to this noble work; I long to see its moral and spiritual influence working here. We have no Humane Society—no education in the principles of justice, kindness, mercy to the dependent creatures. This instruction is badly needed in this country. The tears fill my eyes as I read of your sacred work. I have longed for years to do something in this direction myself. As you kindly offer to send "*Bands of Mercy*" information and such suggestions as will aid us in starting the work, I write you for the same. Also how best to get a humane society for prevention of cruelty to animals.

Any information will be gladly received.

Respectfully, —, Georgia.

QUIETED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.

A friend of ours took her 4-year-old girl to a photographer. The child couldn't be made to sit still. He of the camera vainly worked every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler sit still, and finally said to the despairing mother:

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"He said," lisped Nellie, "thit thtill, you little rathcal or I'll shake you!"—*Buffalo Express*.

HE HOPED THEY WOULD MEET IN HEAVEN.

We have just seen a funny account of an incident which occurred the other day in one of our Boston high buildings.

A husband saw his wife going to his office in a high building, and hurrying over took the next elevator; she not finding him came down as he went up, and in that way they continued to pass each other, going up and down in a regular see-saw about half a dozen times. At last the husband, getting out of patience, sat down on the stairs and waited half an hour for her to come down, while she, getting out of patience at the same time, waited half an hour up stairs for him to come up.

The elevator man said he hoped they would meet in heaven.

PATENT GUN AND RAW POTATOES.

A kind lady from Vermont writes us of various severe cases of asthma, including her own, which were cured by eating raw potatoes.

She says that she ate one every evening before retiring, nearly all the autumn, and it cured her entirely and she has never been troubled since.

We wish a lot of our asthmatic friends would try a few raw potatoes and let us know the result.

If they cure we shall be glad to give the matter a wide circulation in this paper.

We have every confidence in this kind lady in regard to her own case and others cited, but as our stomach is a rather delicate one, and our digestion of cooked potatoes none of the best, we feel in regard to trying the experiment personally somewhat as the man did who went down to Washington during our civil war, with a newly invented gun warranted to do great execution on the enemy, but who at the time of trial remarked to the examining board that "as he had a wife and several small children he would rather one of them would fire it."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

If there is anyone who should be "rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.—*Exchange*.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE FUTURE.

Wanted, a wife—or housekeeper—or cook, who has had considerable practice in the dissection of cats, dogs and other animals in our Massachusetts Schools.

How Pomeroy, the child murderer, and now one of the most learned men in our Massachusetts State Prison, would have enjoyed this dissecting business.

VIVISECTION. WILL SOME ONE TELL US?

Will some one tell us precisely, or about how many animals have been experimented upon in any College or Medical School in America within the past year?—in how many, or about how many, cases there was no suffering to the animal, and what new and valuable discovery has been made through vivisection, in any American College or Medical School during the past year, or during the past ten years?

DR. LEFFINGWELL VS. HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL.

In our August number we published part of an article written by Professor Porter of The Harvard Medical School, in behalf of himself and Professors Bowditch, Councilman, Whitney, Minot and Ernst, which appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of July 13th, in which it was stated that no painful vivisections had been made in the Harvard Medical School, to their knowledge.

Now in the *Transcript* of September 28th comes a reply of four columns from Dr. Albert Leffingwell, denying this statement, citing various cases on which he relies as proof, and closing as follows:

"These were Boston vivisections. They were not done thousands of miles away in some distant European laboratory, but here at home. Should they have been left in the quiet secrecy of physiological literature? Then assuredly their existence ought not to have been so explicitly denied.

"What judgment are we entitled to pass upon this manifesto? Was it, indeed, what it claimed to be—a plain statement of the whole truth?"

"No. A statement 'of the whole truth' would not have carefully mentioned 'a scratch of the tail of an etherized mouse,' and made no reference to other investigations of infinitely greater import carried on in their own laboratory. A statement of the whole truth would not have spoken of 'long-drawn lists of atrocities that never existed'—denying in one sweeping sentence some facts as certain as any in history. A statement of the whole truth would not have referred to 'narcotics' as though they were identical with 'anesthetics'; it would not have left hidden the use and purpose of curare; it would not have referred to 'open doors,' when there are no open doors; it would not have proclaimed to the public as a 'priceless discovery' for the cure of tetanus, an agent of which hardly a single case of successful employment in this country can be found in medical literature. And above all, 'a plain statement of the whole truth' would not have declared that no painful vivisection had ever been made in Harvard Medical School 'within our knowledge' in the face of the evidence I have given in this paper.

"For myself, I am not an anti-vivisectionist, and I have never questioned the expediency of vivisection within certain limits. But I do not believe that science ever advances by equivocation or gains by secrecy. If, in the sober judgment of scientific experts, certain phases of vivisection can only go on by being thus concealed and kept from the world's judgment and criticism, then I fear the time is approaching when society will question the expediency of all such methods—not because they are invariably useless, not because they are always cruel, but from higher considerations than those that affect man's relations to the animal world. Science can exist without more vivisection, but there are some things without which society itself cannot exist."

VIVISECTION IN SCHOOLS.

We are pleased to find in *New York Journal of Hygiene*, volume 45, number 10, an earnest article condemning the practice of vivisection in schools, from which we quote the following:

"In our opinion it is far better to study animals alive. We can put a tadpole in a box under a microscope and study the circulation of the blood for hours at a time with no harm.

We can do the same with the frog's foot and the embryo of the fish before it has been hatched from the egg; we can see the heart beat, the blood course along the vessels through the capillaries and back to the heart again. No harm is done nor pain inflicted.

When it comes to the larger animals, wild and domestic, far better hygienic lessons can be learned by studying their lives and habits than by cutting them open to see for a moment or two the beating of their hearts and then see them die.

Vivisection has a bad effect on the young. If the teacher can cut up living animals they can do the same. We know this to be true from our own early experience. It is not guess-work."

"THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN."

Among the invitations we have recently received and been obliged to decline, was one to deliver an address before the new organization, "*The Parliament of Man*," whose first meeting was addressed by Governor Greenhalge.

We sincerely wish that in that Parliament may be presented in the interest of all men, and particularly of the poor, the importance of establishing in every large community "*societies for the protection of public health*" and "*societies for the prevention of crime*" which shall be as active in obtaining and enforcing suitable laws as our two humane societies are in the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals and the humane education of the American people.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

LOTS OF IDEAS.

The careful reader of this paper—and of the daily press—will find lots of ideas we have during the past few years been sending through our columns into every newspaper office in America north of Mexico, cropping out over the country and bearing fruit.

One of our oldest Massachusetts Judges said to us some time since in substance, "I don't believe, Mr. Angell, you have any conception of the influence of your little paper."

One of Boston's best known lawyers said to us some time since, "I never take up a copy of your paper without finding something in it that sets me to thinking."

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. They have no cheap edition.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society*, on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "*American Humane Education Society*"—gratuitously circulated by "*American Humane Education Society*"—write
GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

FORM OF WILL.

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to "*The American Humane Education Society*," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of—[or if other property, describe the property].

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of—[or if other property, describe the property].

Or, I give, devise and bequeath to each of the Societies—"The American Humane Education Society" and "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," incorporated by special acts of the Legislature of Massachusetts, etc., etc.

There is a deplorable tendency nowadays, by some parents, to disobey their children. Nothing so annoys a child as a hesitating compliance.

Albany Argus.

A GEM FOR ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS WHO READ
OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL.

I'm a little grey Kitty,
Who wants to thank you
For all your kindness
And the good you do.

My coat is striped fur,
A pretty color of grey;
Is very soft and nice,—
"Mama" combs it every day.

I wear grey stockings
With white on the toe,
Also a white necktie,
Which is stylish, you know.

I live in this city,
Not off very far,
With two good old people
I call "papa" and "mama."

They love me so dearly,
And treat me so kind,
I try to please them,
And always do mind.

When I want breakfast,
On "Mama's" shoulder I get,
Then purr and kiss her,
And she says, "dear little pet."

I wait just as patient
Then as ever I can,
Till "papa" comes in
And says, "you nice little man."

"If you want any meat
Why, then do as before,
And roll over and over
Upon the hard floor."

So down, over I go
As best I know how,
Then sit by his side,
And gently me-a-ow.

He gives me good fish,
And some nice veal too,
I keep eating steady,
Until I get through.

Then, get in my basket
All trim'd with yellow,
And you may well believe
I am a most happy yellow.

I have never stepped out
On the ground or the street,
For fear I'd be frightened,
And bad people meet.

I do like good music,
And always without fail
Whenever I hear it
Keep time with my tail.

I have one little friend,
"Black Kitty" by name,
Who comes to the window
For meat now and again.

And then the little birdies,
They come every day
Because "Mama" feeds them;
I watch them fly away.

I wish all would be kind
To Dumb Animals like me:
It would make us so happy,
And much better we'd be.

I think of poor horses,
Who go hungry and cold
After having worked hard,
And are feeble, and old.

The warmer you keep them,
The better they'll go,
Always be gentle,
And answer the whoa.

And poor little kitties,
Whose owners they go
To the country in summer,
For vacation, you know,

Never caring that we,
Without any home,
Are left to go hungry,
Poor, forlorn, and alone.

Now, to help them a little,
I ask if you will
Please accept from me
This five-dollar bill.



GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

A letter too long
I fear I have written,
But please to remember
I am only a kitten.

My name is so funny—
Don't think you could guess—
So I'll simply sign it
Your dear loving Bess."

BESS.

504 Mass. Ave., Boston.

MY LITTLE ADVENTURE.

An incident occurred the other day that I think is worth relating. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I was out taking a stroll when I noticed a man driving along the road. Suddenly his horse stumbled. He gave it a cut with the whip and proceeded but a few feet when the poor animal stumbled again. This time he got out and clubbed it. Having already called the attention of a passerby to the scene which was being enacted, and seeing he was not inclined to interfere I ventured to say to the brute who was belaboring the poor, patient animal; "Your horse did not stumble on purpose. Look at his feet; something may be the matter with them." The man gave me a very severe look that plainly indicated I had better mind my own business. Seeing he had no intention of acting upon my suggestion I went to the horse's rescue, and picking up one of its forefeet removed therefrom a sharp pointed stone, which was the cause of all the trouble. The faithful animal looked gratefully at me as though, and indeed he did, understand the whole proceedings. The man took his seat in the vehicle and drove off, pondering deeply no doubt on the unnecessary sufferings to which poor animals are subjected at the hands of merciless owners. Who was it said, "*The merciful man is merciful to his beast?*"

Ontario Sun.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

We are informed by an Indiana gentleman, whose word is entirely reliable and who knows Ex-president Harrison very well, that when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed in Indianapolis he was the only man called upon to join who refused to become a member.

This accounts for the reason why this Christian man enjoys spending his summer up in the Adirondacks shooting harmless deer for fun.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HUNTED DEER.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 26, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

In the last number of *Our Dumb Animals* there was an account of a deer hunt in Tennessee, in which the frightened animal ran to one of the hunters and put its head under the man's arm for protection, on seeing which the hunt was discontinued, as no one had the heart to kill the poor thing. The following verses were suggested by reading the article. I have been told by several hunters on the Pacific Coast that deer frequently shed tears when they find their efforts useless. Sincerely yours,

A. M. BALLARD, M. D.,
Pres. North Carolina S. P. C. Animals.

THE HUNTED DEER'S APPEAL.

[For the consideration of Ex-president Harrison and other Christian and unchristian people who spend their summer shooting deer for fun.]

A deer hard pressed by hunters and their hounds,
O'er hill, thro' woodland, and the meadow bounds,
To seek a place of safety, and elude
The hunters and their hounds, who close pursued.

Though now his speed seemed at its height,
His only safety was in faster flight;
Redoubling now his efforts, faster flew,
And hounds and hunters soon were lost to view.

Still on he kept nor slackened his pace,
Till honest effort won for him the race.
Alas for honest effort and fair play!
The hounds and hunters crossed a nearer way.

The now-exhausted deer they intercept,
Who (as deers do, I'm told) now wept
When finding his best efforts vain,
His life to save and liberty to gain.

Of every hope, save only one, bereft,
He quick resorts to that which now is left;
A prayer to God—the only God he knows,
Which was the Godlike mercy of his foes.

A prayer to all that higher self in man,
Which, if not God, can pity as God can;
So to the foremost hunter came the deer,
Quickly and boldly as though naught to fear.

And lifting his sad eyes to hunter's face,
He seemed to say, "Lo! I have lost the race."
And thrusting his head beneath the hunter's arm,
He seemed to say, "Kind sir, please save from harm."

The creature's God did not refuse his prayer—
The hunt was stopped—the creature rested there.

A WESTERN EDITOR.

A Western editor thinks we are in our dotage to attack such a good Christian man as Ex-president Harrison for spending his summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun [and setting the Christian example he has to the million members of our Bands of Mercy and the other millions we want to get into them.]

We will not insinuate that the Western editor was drunk when he wrote that editorial, but if he should happen to come this way next summer we shall be pleased to play a few games of croquet with him and endeavor to convince him of his mistake.

It is a perfect nuisance to the people in our offices to receive letters which do not contain the name of the month but only its number.

It may save one second's time to the writer, but takes a minute of our time to think up what month it is, and with our immense correspondence every minute counts.

SENATOR HOAR.

"We have 700,000 Catholics in Massachusetts, and more than 50 per cent of our population are of foreign birth or parentage, who retain an affection for their old land as our ancestors did. I have a letter written by my mother's father in which he speaks of England as home, although his ancestors had been away from there for more than 150 years. Are we not to live in comfort, peace and hope? Are we to widen and deepen a ditch, to build up a wall of fire between our fellow-citizens who will and are to wield 50 per cent of the political power on which depends the hope and glory of the State we love?"

This nation is a composite. It is made of many streams, the union of many streams, the twisting and winding of many strands. Now, the quality, hope and destiny of our land is expressed in the phrase of our fathers, *E Pluribus Unum*, of many one. Of many States, one nation. Of many creeds, one faith. Of many bended knees, one family of God."—U. S. SENATOR HOAR.

A GOOD DEAL BETTER THAN HUMAN PIGS.

Our good friend Patrick Donahoe sends us the following, cut from *Ace Maria*:

A writer in *Nature Notes* says:
"I must record a pleasing and amusing trait in the character of a young sow, now the mother of a numerous family, toward her own mother in the autumn of last year. The two fed in a meadow divided from the fruit garden by a wire fence rather dilapidated; there were holes in it through which the younger and smaller animal could creep, but not sufficiently large to enable the mother to do likewise. My gardeners informed me that they saw the young one repeatedly pass through the fence and return with an apple or pear in her mouth, which she laid at the feet of her respected mother."

How many human pigs are there who never did half as much for their mothers? [EDITOR.]

ST. FRANCIS.

St. Francis of Assisi loved animals to such a degree that his habitual tenderness towards them attached them to him, and gave rise to numerous miraculous legends pictured in many of the Catholic churches. He believed that all created things had derived from God a portion of the same divine principle by which he himself existed, and acting upon this belief he was in the habit of calling everything brother or sister. When walking he was careful not to tread upon any insect in his path, and would even pick them up and remove them to a place of safety, lest others should crush them. It is recorded of him that birds built their nests in his cell, and fearlessly picked up crumbs from his table; that when he walked in the fields sheep and lambs flocked after him, and hares and rabbits jumped upon him and nestled in his bosom.

A BEAUTIFUL ACT.

Mr. Ambrose Gilman, who for many years has been our faithful agent at Shelburne Falls, gives us a beautiful incident, showing one of the results of Band of Mercy work.

Going out of the village one day last summer, he noticed a half dozen boys in earnest conversation looking at something in the centre of the group, and then up to the tree overhead.

Before he could reach them the young heroes had made a ladder of their own bodies against the trunk of the tree, and the last one, with a little robin in his hand, climbed carefully over his comrades and reached the lower limb of the tree. He then climbed to the nest from which the birdling had fallen and carefully put the little fellow into it. Returning to the ground the boys all gave a cheer and then ran off. Mr. Gilman says: "I noticed two or three of them were our Band of Mercy boys."

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docketed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them, and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

ROTTEN ROW.

The place in London where one class of English aristocracy [well described by Thackeray] exhibit themselves and their mutilated horses to each other, seems to have been very properly named Rotten Row.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

We read in *The Horse World*, copied from the *New York Herald*, a most painful description of the tortures inflicted upon rich men's horses in that city, including the high check-reins.

"Oh ye ladies [says the *Herald*] who compel your horses to wait at the theatre, the shop and house of an acquaintance for hours together—think what agony you might prevent by a little thought for the dumb beasts who serve you so well!"

HE DIDN'T SHOOT BIRDS FOR FUN OR SPEND A SUMMER IN THE ADIRONDACKS SHOOTING DEER FOR FUN.

LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS OF HEART.

Here is an incident related by Mr. Speed: "Lincoln had the tenderest heart for any one in distress, whether man, beast or bird. Many of the gentle and touching sympathies of his nature, which flowered so frequently and beautifully in the humble citizen at home, fruited in the sunlight of the world when he had place and power. He carried from his home on the prairies to Washington the same gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart. Six gentlemen, Hemgone, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, and two others whose names I do not now recall, were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind-storm had just occurred. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Hardin rode up. 'Where is Lincoln?' asked one. 'Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest.' In an hour perhaps he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: 'Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.'"

HOW A KIND HORSE WAS FRIGHTENED.

A few days ago we took a drive in a town near Boston with one of the best broken and kindest horses of the town, but he wore blinders. Suddenly, a gentleman on horseback came up behind on the gallop. Before we noticed him our horse heard the clatter, and, frightened at what he probably supposed a runaway, made a tremendous leap and tried to run. We stopped him, but if, in his sudden leap, anything had broken there would probably have been a smash-up with serious consequences. This leads us to ask, is it not about time to abolish blinders? They were first invented or adopted by an English nobleman to cover a defect in the eye of a valuable horse, then were found convenient to put on the coats of arms of the nobility, and so came into fashion. In Russia, where they are never used, a shying horse is almost unknown. No one would think of using them on a saddle horse, and on artillery and fire engine horses they are rarely, if ever, used. We are glad to say that, as the result of our educational work, thousands of horses are now driven in Boston without blinders, and are able to know when their drivers are ready to start, and to see the cause of noises which frighten them, and so many accidents are prevented, and perhaps lives saved.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BURGLAR ALARMS.

The large number of burglaries recently committed in and about Boston lead us to think of burglar-alarms. One of the funniest of which was the case of a lady lying awake on a hot summer night, and hearing a burglar trying to get in a window of the lower story directly under her's. She dropped a large cat weighing perhaps fifteen pounds on the burglar's head; he gave one yell and took to his heels, making fast time.

We have seen several cases reported in which poll parrots have almost frightened a burglar out of his wits.

A tin pan hung over a chamber door so as to be thrown down whenever the door is opened makes a very good protection for a chamber door; but it seems to be universally agreed by burglars that there is no protection for a whole house so good as a small and intelligent barking dog.

We met a few days since a lady from Ashland, Wisconsin, away up on Lake Superior, who a few years ago introduced us there to the richest banker in town. It was a pretty rough town. We found him alone in his bank without dog or revolver, and expended considerable effort in trying to convince him that it was not safe. But to all we said he only pleasantly smiled.

A few months later several men entered his bank suddenly, put revolvers to his head, took all the money in the bank and locked him up in his own bank safe. Luckily they neglected to lock the outer door, the key of which was in the lock, and a lady entering a while after heard faint sounds in the safe and called in help.

The banker was so nearly suffocated that it was only with great difficulty he could let the people outside know the combination of the lock, but he succeeded in doing it and was taken out almost dead.

The right kind of a dog would have compelled them to use their revolvers, which would have alarmed people passing by and probably no such attempt would ever have been made.

We wonder that dogs are not more commonly kept for protection in country banks, and again we wonder that in our smaller cities and country towns the police do not keep some dogs such as are used in some parts of our country to take the scent and follow criminals.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

We have an interesting letter from Dr. Albert M. Blodgett of Boston, from which we publish the following:

"In a recent number of *Our Dumb Animals* it was stated that in Munich the body of every dead person, without distinction, is carried at once to a Mortuary Chapel, where it is placed under observation of competent watchers for a specified time, in order to prevent the possibility of premature burial, and also, what is of almost equal importance, to prevent the spread of infectious diseases among the survivors—from the retention of the body in the home until the time of burial, as is the custom in our country. This is not only true of Munich, but of many other places in Europe, and is an undoubted advance upon the custom in America.

"There are many signs which indicate death, but the most of these cannot be employed by unskilled persons. There are one or two which are absolutely reliable under all circumstances, and which may be employed by any person however unskilled he may be, and to the accuracy of which no doubt can be attached.

"One indisputable proof of death is obtained by simply keeping the body under observation until the skin begins to show changes of color and the softening of texture which indicate the commencement of decay, so-called mortification.

"When this has commenced, there can no longer be the slightest doubt of absolute death. This test is so easy of application and the source of such infinite relief to the friends, that it would seem that the knowledge of it should be more general."

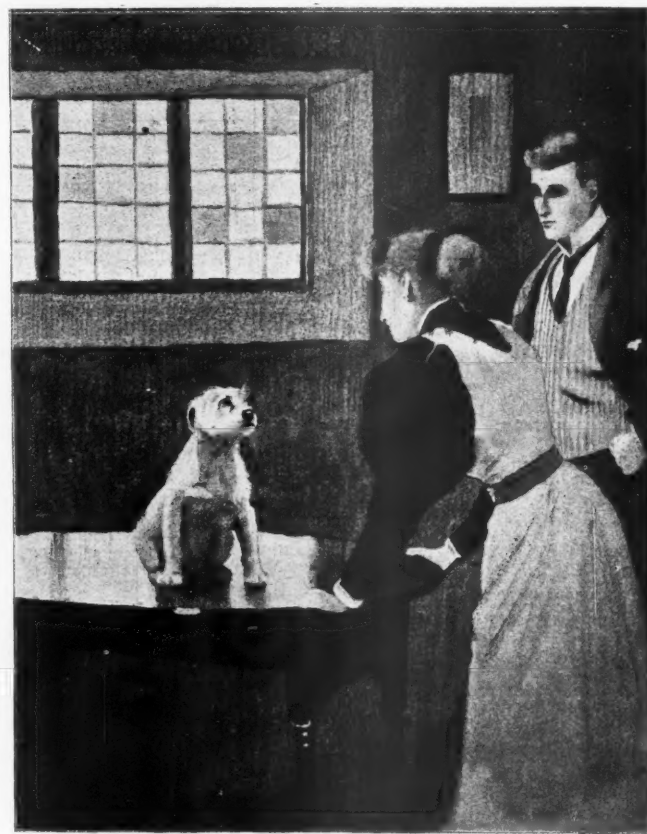
A Cincinnati clergyman thought he would raise his own pork. So he bought five pigs and fattened them. Now that they are fit to kill, he says they seem so much like his own children that he hasn't the heart to kill them. The pigs are in good luck, but it's rather hard on the children. — *Boston Transcript*.

Education is the leading of human souls to what is best. — *Ruskin*.

"That's not what I meant," responded the professor. "In ancient days knowledge was confined to a few learned men, but nowadays almost every donkey knows as much as a professor." The students looked at each other and nodded, and whispered, "That's so."

A Chicago man who had grown rich selling hams built a country seat but found some difficulty in finding a name to suit. A friend suggested that he call it the *All-ham-bra*.

If I was going to paint a pikter of Faith, Affection and Honesty, I would paint mi dog looking up in mi face and waggin his tail. JOSH BILLINGS.



A GOOD BURGLAR ALARM.

From "Spot," published by Thos. Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House, New York city. Price \$1.

WHEN TO BE A DANIEL.

Oh, it's safe to be a Daniel

When the people are agreed
That the very thing you argue for
Is just the thing they need; —
When the world is very willing,
And the bad are very good,
You may safely be a Daniel:
You'll be always understood.

You may dare to be a Daniel

When you've figured out the chance,
And the people like the music,
And will join in the dance;
But if anybody's knees begin
To weaken in the play,
Then lay away the fiddle
Till a favorable day.

You may dare to be a Daniel

When the people are so kind
That they wouldn't hurt a Daniel
Should he want to speak his mind;
When the Daniels are so plenty
That you never would be known,
Then dare to be a Daniel, yes,
And dare to stand alone!

It will do to be a Daniel

When they have a "Daniel's band,"
And the street is full of Daniels,
And they're crowding on the stand,
And the drums beat up for Daniel,
And the horns blow off your hat; —
Oh, I'd like to be a Daniel too,
In such a time as that.

Yes, "Dare to be a Daniel" —

Is very fine to sing,
If 'twill only raise a regiment
Of Daniels for the King;
But I'm thinking it were better
If we'd show the people how
To sanctify the singing more,
And be a Daniel now.

Mill River, Mass.

A. J. CHITTENDEN.

GOOD GENERALSHIP.

In our humane warfare against cruelty it is quite as important to have good generalship as it is in other armies.

When we were in the practice of law during our Civil War we made two wagers, which seemed to us at the time quite patriotic, in regard to how long it would take Grant to get into Richmond, and we lost both of them because we were not aware of the fact that Grant did not want to get into Richmond, but simply to hold Lee's army penned up there while Sherman was marching through the South.

Garibaldi wanted to capture an Italian city in which was a large force of Austrians.

He might have laid siege to it a year without capturing it, but he did better.

He sent one part of his army [which probably contained the best runners] to apparently make an attack.

The Austrian garrison rushed out to exterminate them and followed them many miles without catching them.

In the meantime Garibaldi, with the rest of his force, captured the city without trouble, and when the Austrian garrison returned they found the gates closed against them and the cannon on the walls manned by the Garibaldians.

In our humane work lots of effort and money may, with injudicious handling, be almost thrown away.

A COSTLY PRICE.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late owner."

"How much?"

"His soul."

British Workman.

The Italian is the most organic man in the world.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

22881 Denver, Colo. Brightside Band. P., Harry M. Bixby.	22911 Lewisville, Ind. Martin School. Wide Awake Band. P., F. C. Huston.	22942 Willing Workers Band. P., Mrs. Daniels.	22976 Golden Rule Band. P., L. E. Woodwell.	23018 Geo. T. Angell Band. P., Jennie A. Mayer.
22882 Trenholme, P. Q. Trenholme Band. P., Henry Armstrong.	22912 Mays Station, Ind. Star Band. P., Josey Clawson.	22943 Sunshine Band. P., Mrs. Vuncanon.	22977 Rosebud Band. A. L. Evans.	23019 Hope Band. P., Harriet Sturtevant.
22883 Salem, Mass. Waiting Band. P., Miss Elise Beattie.	22913 Dimmick School. Willing Workers Band. P., E. R. Atkins.	22944 Washington, R. I. Pansy Band. P., Mrs. J. Midgley.	22978 Tappan School. Canary Band. P., H. F. Crafts.	23020 C. S. Hubbard Band. P., M. L. Choate.
22884 Canton, Minn. State Line Band. P., Mrs. Rose Vorton.	22914 No. Vassalboro, Me. Vassalboro Band. P., Minnie M. Purinton.	22945 Everett, Mass. L. T. L. Band. P., Ella M. Phelps.	22979 T. A. Mead Band. P., Miss Hall.	23021 Plummer School. Sunbeam Band. P., Anna E. Reed.
22885 Lime Rock, R. I. Albion Band. P., S. Jennie Harris.	22915 Brooklyn, N. Y. H. W. Longfellow Band. P., Anna M. Berrian.	22946 Indian Lake, N. Y. Little Helpers Band. P., Mariam C. Smith.	22980 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Atwood.	23022 Lily Band. P., E. M. Robbins.
22886 Trenton, Ind. Huntsville Sunshine Band. P., Mrs. Georgia L. Ladd.	22916 Portsmouth, Va. Matoaka Band. P., Anna S. Johnston.	22947 Minneapolis, Minn. Minnesota Band. P., Mr. Chas. Luchow.	22981 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Duncan.	23023 Little Helpers Band. P., Jennie A. Souther.
22887 Webster, S. D. George Washington Band. P., Mrs. W. T. Thomas.	22917 Cleveland, Ohio. Thorau Band. P., Charles Spencer.	22948 Albion, Mich. Neal Dow Band. P., Fred E. Marshall.	22982 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Otis.	23024 Canary Band. P., Emma M. Weston.
22888 Princeton, Minn. L. T. L. Band. P., Miss Allie Jones.	22918 Fayette, Ohio. Fayette Band. P., Miss Sara Baily.	22949 Blair, S. C. Geo. T. Angell Band. P., Clara A. Brown.	22983 Pansy Band. P., Miss McLeod.	23025 Rosebud Band. P., Mary A. Palmer.
22889 Fort Lawrence, N. S. Sunshine Band. P., Lois A. Graham.	22919 Woonsocket, R. I. I'll Try Band. P., Bertha L. Bradford.	22950 Sondersburg, Pa. Fairview Band. P., Miss Clara V. Stevens.	22984 Blackbird Band. P., Miss Atwood.	23026 Pansy Band. P., Miss Denison.
22890 So. Manchester, Conn. Harm Not Band. P., Anna O. Gorman.	22920 Three Mile Bay, N. Y. Three Mile Bay Band. P., Mrs. A. O. Wright.	22951 Cambridgeport, Mass. Wellington Band. P., John Kline.	22985 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Waterbury.	23027 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Bigelow.
22891 Villapark, Colo. Mission Band. P., Mrs. Craige.	22921 Berkeley, Cal. Mabel Scotchler Band. P., Charles A. Keeler.	22952 Claremont, Cal. Claremont Band. P., Mrs. Dr. Pease.	22986 St. Marys S. School. Major Band. P., Rev. W. T. Crocker.	23028 Emerson School. Excelsior Band.
22892 Lodi, Wis. Lodi Band. P., Mayme Riddle.	22922 Little Rock, Wash. Little Rock Band. P., Luella Rutledge.	22953 Winnebago Agency, Neb. Gov't Indian School Band. P., Jane A. Johnson.	22987 Minor Band. Miss Bigelow.	23029 Blackinton Band. P., Miss Turner.
22893 San Miguel, Cal. Kindness Band. P., Miss Eva Drish.	22923 Spiceland, Ind. Spiceland School. Think Twice Band. P., E. Wildman.	22954 Mauch Chunk, Pa. Defenders Band. P., Miss Eva C. Stockett.	22988 Lyman School. Morse Band. P., H. L. Morse.	23030 Black Beauty Band. P., H. E. Cutter.
22894 Lewisville, Ind. White School. Golden Rule Band. P., Gertrude Meredith.	22924 Touch-me-not Band. P., Miss Speakman.	22955 Adams, Neb. I'll Try Band. P., Hendreekus Yelsma.	22989 Longfellow Band. P., J. K. Hampton.	23031 Animal Protector Band. P., M. A. Ford.
22895 Rich Square Academy. Golden Rod Band. P., Charles Julian.	22925 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Thomas.	22956 Oneonta, N. Y. Colliers Band. P., Gertrude Yager.	22990 Lothrop Band. P., Cordelia Lothrop.	23032 Actions Speak Louder Than Words Band. P., M. D. Day.
22896 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Gilbert.	22926 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Charles.	22957 Dellaplane, N. C. Dellaplane Band. P., C. C. Wright.	22991 Lyman Band. P., A. H. Pitman.	23033 Kindness Band. P., A. H. Hayward.
22897 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Jones.	22927 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Ault.	22958 Strong, Maine. Strong Band. P., Addie F. McLaur.	22992 Geo. Washington Band. P., Eva L. Morley.	23034 Robin Band. P., Miss Hotchkiss.
22898 New Lisbon, Ind. Salem School. Golden Rule Band. P., Thomas Ward.	22928 Excelsior Band. P., G. W. Neet.	22959 Herkimer, N. Y. Eastern Star Band. P., Florence Burnop.	22993 B Kind Band. P., E. M. Bates.	23035 Noble Band. P., Miss Souther.
22899 Hopewell School. Golden Rod Band. P., Mr. Marshall.	22929 Walnut Hill School. Lincoln Band. P., Terrell Wilson.	22960 Providence, R. I. Roger Williams Band. P., Miss L. W. Pierce.	22994 C. S. Hubbard Band. P., M. F. Wilkins.	23036 Trustworthy Band. P., Miss Critchett.
22900 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Kellar.	22930 Baldwin's Chapel. Geo. Washington Band. P., M. Wildman.	22961 Youngest Band, No. 2. P., Miss E. Tingley.	22995 Our Dumb Friends Band. P., Miss Curry.	23037 Emerson Band. P., Miss Irving.
22901 Straughns, Ind. Straughns School. Golden Rod Band. P., Prof. Shockley.	22931 Lewisville, Ind. Balls Schools. Hope Band. P., Etta Ball.	22962 Troy, N. Y. Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Sarah A. Kenney.	22996 Sharp Eyes Band. P., Miss George.	23038 Honorable Band. P., Miss Sweeney.
22902 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Griffin.	22932 Maple Valley, Ind. C. S. Hubbard Band. P., W. Rawlin.	22963 Key West, Fla. St. Peter's Church Band. P., Rev. Skoor, B. A.	22997 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Plummer.	23039 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Turner.
22903 Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Shockley.	22933 Wilkinson, Ind. Wilkinson School. Columbus Band. P., J. W. Smith.	22964 E. Boston, Mass. Chapman School. Excelsior Band. P., T. A. Mead.	22998 Kind Hearts Band. P., M. P. E. Tewksbury.	23040 Geo. Washington Band. P., C. G. Ray.
22904 Knightstown, Ind. Shiveley's Corner School. I'll Try Band. P., Alfred Hall.	22934 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Cook.	22965 Florence, N. Y. Florence Band. P., Miss Eaton.	22999 Golden Rod Band. P., Julia Logan.	23041 Faithful Band. P., Miss Bloomfield.
22905 Center School. Golden Rule Band. P., Cora Rhodes.	22935 Warrenton School. Golden Rule Band. P., Prof. Bridges.	22966 C. S. Hubbard Band. P., Miss Tenney.	23000 Violet Band. P., M. A. Merwin.	23042 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Slack.
22906 Raleigh, Ind. Mays School. Golden Rod Band. P., E. P. Hufford.	22936 Willing Workers Band. P., Mr. Bridges.	22967 Kimball Band. P., Miss Kimball.	23001 Cudworth School. Squirrel Band. P., L. E. Synette.	23043 Honor Bright Band. P., Miss Halliday.
22907 Sunbeam Band. P., Mr. Southers.	22937 Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Reeves.	22968 Forget-me-not Band. P., H. N. Andrews.	23002 Moon Band. P., A. M. Wilcox.	23044 Noble School. Geo. Washington Band. P., Miss Plummer.
22908 Raleigh School. Willing Workers Band. P., A. L. Hufford.	22938 Shirley, Ind. Shirley School. Golden Rule Band. P., Oral Hughes.	22969 Be Kind Band. P., M. D. Barr.	23003 Robin Band. P., Miss McLauthlin.	23045 Lincoln Band. P., Miss Beale.
22909 Wide Awake Band. P., Mr. Culbertson.	22939 Little Helpers Band. P., Carrie Ellis.	22970 T. A. Mead Band. P., Martha P. M. Walker.	23004 Autumn Leaf Band. P., Miss Mansfield.	23046 Charity Band. P., Miss Atwood.
22910 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Livermore.	22940 Kennard, Ind. Excelsior Band. P., C. W. Vuncanon.	22971 Mayflower Band. P., M. E. Buffum.	23005 A. H. Kelley Band. P., Miss Duncan.	23047 Golden Rod Band. P., Miss Ray.
	22941 I'll Try Band. P., B. F. Deardorf.	22972 Geo. Washington Band. P., J. A. Martin.	23006 Earnest Band. P., Miss Merrick.	23048 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Litchfield.
		22973 Hamilton Band. P., J. F. Reid.	23007 Daisy Band. P., Miss Ayers.	23049 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Morrissey.
		22974 Chapman Band, No. 2. P., G. M. Strong.	23008 Black Beauty Band. P., Miss Williams.	23050 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Slavin.
		22975 Defender Band. P., K. L. Niland.	23009 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss A. R. Porter.	23051 Rosebud Band. P., Miss McLean.
			23010 Warren H. Cudworth Band. P., Miss N. M. Porter.	23052 Blackinton School. Self Control Band. P., R. E. Sinclair.
			23011 Henry B. Hill Band. P., Miss C. A. Sullivan.	23053 Geo. Washington Band. P., Miss Litchfield.
			23012 Adams School. Adams Band. P., Joel C. Bolan.	23054 Lincoln Band. P., Miss McGillicuddy.
			23013 Longfellow Band. P., M. M. Morse.	23055 Longfellow Band. P., Miss Clark.
			23014 Helping Hand Band. P., Clara Robbins.	23056 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Coan.
			23015 Henry B. Hill Band. P., Lina Cook.	23057 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Gray.
			23016 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Pillsbury.	23058 Chapel School. Busy Workers Band. P., A. L. Hubbard.
			23017 Golden Rule Band, No. 2. P., Miss S. E. McPhail.	23059 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Covington.

A HUMAN GOOSE.

A Maryland sportsman is getting ready to exterminate the wild geese of this country. He is having a rubber suit manufactured with a headpiece that will be an exact imitation of a goose, and magnifying glasses for his eyes. The Maryland man will float along, with his entire body concealed and only the goose in sight. When he gets among a flock of wild geese he will slide along up, catch hold of the feet of the geese and pull them under and drown them. He thinks in this way he will be able to catch every goose he goes for and supply the retail trade. We do not see but the plan is bound to be a complete success and the future looks dark enough for this noble game bird. However, if the Maryland man should wake up suddenly sometime, when he

is sailing smoothly along some lake or river, to find a country boy on the bank blowing away at his goose's head with a smooth-bore rifle, loaded with buckshot—well, that would be time for disappearing. A country boy shoots wicked with one of those old fuses, and if he felt that he had got to get that goose, as the family was out of meat, the Maryland man would not feel so sure about his being the bloated monopolist of the whole North American goose question. There are always points in these new schemes that do not occur to one at first.—Peck's Sun.

Why do ducks go below the water? For divers reasons. Why do they come up? For sun-dry reasons. Why do they go down again? To liquidate their little bills. Why do they bob up serenely? To make a run on the banks.

A FRIGHTENED COW.

No man who owns a cow can afford to have her afraid of him. It is a loss to the owner every time she is frightened. To run a cow to pasture is throwing money away. The cow is a milk-making machine, and should be kept in the best working condition, and this condition is one of quiet. A cow in any way worried will not do her best. Make pets of the cows and they will make money for the owner. The milk of a frightened or abused cow is poisonous.

To stop prize fights—hang the survivor.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

On Oct. 16th our officers had two young men convicted of killing an insect-eating bird and fined \$10 each.

BIRDS IN OUR BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.

Most of our citizens have seen the numerous placards for the protection of birds we have put on the trees on our Common and in our Parks and Public Garden, in which we offer many prizes for evidence to convict of any violation of laws in regard to them.

In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of October 12th we find a most beautiful description of the various kinds of birds found in our Public Garden, from which we take the following:

"I remember one morning in May that I counted nearly thirty kinds of birds in the Public Garden; most of them were near the pond. In the bushes near the pond were a few Catbirds and Baltimore Orioles, together with quite a flock of warblers. Magnolias, Summer Yellowbirds, Canadians, Redstarts, Parulas and Water Thrushes could be seen here and there. One Water Thrush that had been stalking around under a thick clump of shrubbery, very boldly came walking out on the grass, entirely oblivious of my near presence. The Black Poll Warblers were shy, and kept hidden in the shrubbery, but the others scrambled over twigs and limbs and hunted for insect's eggs or larvae within a few feet of people.

But most interesting were the Swallows that skimmed over the pond, now lightly brushing the water, now darting under or over the bridge, and often settling on the stone pillars beneath it. There were three kinds, Barn Swallows, Bank Swallows, and Tree Swallows—or White-bellied Swallows, as they are often called. The Bank Swallows were on wing most of the time, and so were most of the Tree Swallows, but the Barn Swallows often settled on the pillars, and kept up a soft, gentle chatter. Then a little shower came up, which frightened nearly all the Barn Swallows under the bridge. The others did not seem to mind it.

The Chimney Swifts, or Chimney Swallows, as they are too often misnamed, were even more numerous than the swallows, but did not confine their attention to the pond, and never settled on the bridge."

The writer asserts that in this Garden of ten acres, right in the heart of our great city, more than seventy species of birds have been found.

Ought not Boston to be proud of such a showing? And is not some of the credit due to our *American Humane Education Society* and *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*?

A FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Act the first: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamations of "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died with dissipation. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No hope. I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.



"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD, AND THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDIWORK."

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

Upon some quiet evening, as the curtain of night falls silently around us, we mark the stars becoming visible in increasing numbers until the sky is gemmed with points of light. And as the wondrous thought comes to us that these points of light are worlds, many of them larger than the earth on which we live, an awe steals over us—an awe, but not a dread. No! for as we look on the fresh evidence of God's majesty in creation, words, familiar words, rise to our lips: "*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.*" And once again our voices are hushed and our thoughts are busy as we gaze upon those silent worlds in the far distance of the voiceless sky. Old, old questions present themselves to our musings. What is the purpose of these worlds of God? Do they contain fresh evidences of His creative energy, existences conscious and intelligent, though different in their nature from those with which we are familiar? And how does the Incarnation affect such creations, if such indeed there be? Thoughts such as these will rise within our minds; but no answer comes to us through the night, and the dawn brings with it no reply. All silently the heavenly orbs bear on the mystery of their creation. And yet there is a word which they speak—an anthem of praise to their Maker, which they offer in the rhythmical regularity of their ordered movement, for

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard."

REV. F. W. NEWMAN.

THE WISDOM AND POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY.

If our readers will take up some simple book on astronomy they will find that this entire world is probably no greater in comparison with God's universe than a single ant hill in comparison with this whole world—and the mightiest monarchs that have ever lived here of no greater importance to the universe than the smallest ants that live in one of these little ant hills are to us. It is well for all of us to occasionally reflect on these things and on the wisdom and power that governs and controls the universe.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



ONE OF OUR FRIENDS.

WAR.

On the evening after the battle of Gravelotte, at the trumpet signal for the roll-call of the Life-Guards, more than three hundred riderless horses, some of them wounded and hobbling on three legs, answered the well-known call and mustered with the remnant of their regiment. — *Popular Science News.*

A DOG AT CHURCH.

HOW THE SERVICES WERE DISTURBED BY A CANINE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 13.—It was during morning service at St. Jude's Protestant Episcopal Church on Franklin street, above Brown. The doors were open in the effort to get as much of the summer breeze as could find its way into the sacred edifice, and the music produced by the organ and the voices of the surpliced choir came floating through the portals. The sacrament of the Holy Communion had been administered and the service was nearly over. Already the choristers had begun the singing of the recessional hymn. The rector, Rev. William H. Graff, stood with his back to his people and his eyes fixed devoutly upon the cross which rested upon the superaltar. All was solemnity and devotion. Suddenly there was a flutter of excitement on the outer edges of the congregation. A lady seated near the door screamed. She had seen a huge red and white setter dog, its tongue lolling far out of its mouth, running wildly up and down the vestibule. Suddenly it stopped in the doorway and then made a dash up the aisle. In an instant half the congregation was upon its feet, and, some one suggesting mad dog, there was a scurry for the door. Still the choir kept on singing bravely, and the rector stood solemnly facing the altar. The dog had entered the chancel and was sniffing about among the choir stalls. Suddenly catching sight of the rector, it made a dash at him and sprang joyfully up against his surplice-clad figure, disarranging his stole, and paying no heed to his admonition uttered in an undertone:

"Down, down!"

The choristers rather enjoyed it. They recognized the dog as belonging to the rector, and their singing was somewhat marred by their effort to suppress their laughter. Slowly the procession moved out of the sanctuary, out of the chancel and out of the auditorium, the dog following close at Mr. Graff's side, springing up at him every few seconds, and seeming rather delighted at the novelty of the situation. The terror which had at first seized the congregation changed to a sense of amazement when they grasped the turn of affairs, and as the dog pranced through the door leading to the vestry-room, those in the church were on a broad grin.

There was some curiosity to know how the dog got out of the rectory, and this was subsequently explained by the appearance of the Graff son and heir of tender years who, it appears, had not waited for the communion service but had gone home and carelessly left the door open. Missing the dog he had come to the church to look for it, little dreaming of the consternation it had caused and the punishment in store for him. — *New York World.*

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for September.
Fines and witness fees, \$181.36.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, \$100.00; Miss B. L. Randall, \$100.00; Mrs. C. C. Converse, \$10.00; Miss N. J. Griggs, \$10.00; Dr. Henry L. Shaw, \$3.00.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Miss K. A. Tarbell, Miss Mary Weyman, Rev. W. H. Wilcox, E. T. Bickford, R. R. Robinson, Miss Sarah P. Loud, P. J. Maguire, Mrs. Andrew G. Pierce.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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[For Our Dumb Animals.]

INCONSISTENCY.

In the winter she rode to the meetings oft,
That were held for objects good,—
To protect down-trodden and suffering ones
That needed clothing and food.
But little she thought as she rode along,
In her soft, rich furs equipped,
That she'd robbed her horses of winter clothes
By having them "fashionably clipped."
In the summer time when the days grew hot,
And people needed fresh air,
She did her best to establish funds,
That the poor might have proper care;
But she didn't think how the torturing flies
Her horses' efforts mocked,
For they had no means to drive them away,
With *mane and tail both "docked."*

M. L. FOSTER PARKER.

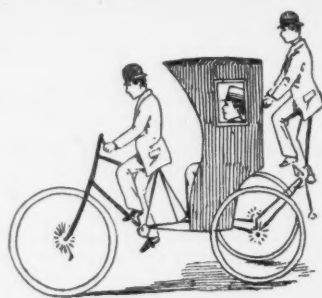
PERHAPS THE HORSE HAD HIS REVENGE.

John Mullen of East Milton, while attempting to repair a mowing machine yesterday was caught in the knives by the starting of the horse attached to the machine. It was some moments before he was taken from his perilous position, and then it was found that one of his legs had been mangled and would probably have to be amputated. He is now at the Quincy City Hospital. Mullen had frequently had trouble with this same horse, and there is now a case pending against him in the District Court for cruelty to animals which was to come up for disposition this morning.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

[From the Editor of Fibre and Fabric.]

I see clearly that the publication named *Our Dumb Animals* is the greatest educational lever for human elevation now existing in any country," &c., &c.

There is no publication that comes into our editorial room that is more welcome than *Our Dumb Animals*, or is perused with greater care, or that affords us more pleasure.—*Amsterdam Morning Sentinel.*



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